



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**MILSTEIN RE-APPEARANCE
WILL BE AN EVENT**

The Carmel Music Society deserves greatly whatever editorial encomium it is possible for us to accord it. The organization is contributing much to the enjoyment of life in Carmel; on the peninsula, for that matter. It gave us Shan-Kar last week and we revelled in that. Next week it gives us Nathan Milstein—again.

We say "again" because that means a great deal. Milstein came to Carmel a year ago with little of his reputation preceding him. He played his way to great acclaim here and to an unprecedented demand that he be brought back.

When the New York Times, noted for its understatement, can say of this violinist's appearance in New York: "It was 'one of the outstanding events of the season,' you can rather assume that Milstein amounts to something. And when the still more conservative Boston Transcript music editor calls him the 'great violinist of our time,' there is little left to be said.

There will probably be "reserved standing room" for Milstein next Wednesday night, as there was for Shan-Kar and his troupe last week. This set a new record in Carmel. Imagine a dress rehearsal by the ushers and the chief of the fire department on the disposition of 40 persons who had bought reserved standing room space! That's exactly what happened, to say nothing of a waiting list of nearly 100 persons who were willing to take standing room tickets that might be turned back at the last minute.

And Carmel gave you Shan-Kar at nominal prices. There were 200 tickets sold at 50 cents. New York City's minimum price for the Hindu troupe was \$2.20!

We may be worried about taxes, but we'll listen to the kind of entertainment the Carmel Music Society dishes out to us.

**BY THEIR ACTS SHALL
YE KNOW THEM**

Dear Mr. Bassett:

You write a lot about the "Dog-lovers" in Carmel. I fear they are like the Christians—"We look about us, and where are they?"

For at least an hour every day I walk on the streets and roads of our end of town. On these walks I meet a few people out walking (alone) and many dogs out walking (alone). I also hear many dogs, shut in houses and garages and small yards (alone), whining and barking their lives away—wretched for lack of interest and accustomed exercise. (Most of these dogs, apparently, can neither read nor play solitaire.) But the sight one might expect to see at such a time—a "Dog lover" out walking with his dog—is so rare that I just can't remember seeing it for many a long week.

It was the same during the last quarantine. People just couldn't be bothered. They shut their dogs up or they turned them loose on the town—no happy medium. Children who hugged and kissed their pets in the evenings wouldn't take the poor frantic things for walks after school because it interfered with games.

What makes a "dog lover" any-
(Continued on Page Two)

Read "Five Wheels—No Brakes" by Jim Thoburn

CARMEL CYMBAL

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Sanitary Board Is Not Adamant on Plant Site

After having determined pretty definitely that the opposition to a land disposal plant for sewage has dwindled into a thin mist, as manifest by the vote of confidence given it at its meeting last week, the Carmel Sanitary Board now announces itself as still open-minded as to the exact location of that plant.

This is according to a statement made to THE CYMBAL yesterday by Hugh Comstock, chairman of the board.

"We want the people to know that despite the apparent agitation for an outfall sewer survey recently, we have continued our preliminary plans," said Comstock. "On the other hand, we endeavored to ascertain just how representative was the opposition to our program and we found it was small. Answers received to our questionnaire have shown us that facts were not made clear to the signers of the petition for the outfall sewer survey. Much of the truth was withheld from those asked to sign.

"As to the location of the land plant we believe that our island site is the most logical one and the best. We have had several suggestions made to us to change the site to a point farther beyond the river, but those who see an objection to fancied pollution of the river by drainage from the plant must know that other proposed sites across the river would mean that the disposal pipe would have to cross the stream. However, we have an open mind in the matter of the permanent location and will take up alternate proposals with the engineers as soon as they arrive here in a few days."

+ + +

"Cradle Song" Is On Tonight and Tomorrow

If the play is as good as rehearsals showed promise of its being, you shouldn't miss seeing "Cradle Song," the fourth presentation of the Carmel Players, which opened last night, and will play again tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday night at the Filmarte Theatre. The play, under the direction of Charles McCarthy, offers a fine cast and lovely music. E. Richard Wissmuller, noted organist, will play the organ before the play and between the acts, and accompany some singing.

We're sorry that the opening was too late for a review in this week's issue of THE CYMBAL. We'll have our say next week.

+ + +

Carmel Child Lost

Bobby McNeil, 5 years old, was reported missing last evening by his grandfather, H. C. Thompson, who lives at Monte Verde and Second.

Thompson told the police he had gone to the Sunset kindergarten in the morning and did not return to his home in the afternoon. Police were planning to ask aid of the Fire Department in the search when the CYMBAL went to press last evening.

Nathan Milstein Appears Wednesday In Carmel by Popular Demand



A year ago the Carmel Music Society presented Nathan Milstein before an unsuspecting audience which rose to cheer him at the close of his concert and immediately demanded the opportunity of hearing him again. So Milstein will make his first return engagement next Wednesday evening at Sunset Auditorium, in the third concert of the Carmel Music Society's Winter Series.

Born in Odessa in 1904, Milstein lived through the Russian Revolution during his student days in Petrograd, where he encountered two other young Russian musicians whose names are now well known in the concert world, Vladimir Horowitz and Gregor Piatigorsky. The violinist's first tour in Russia was a series of joint recitals with Horowitz and the latter's sister, Regina, who acted as Milstein's accompanist.

In 1925 Milstein was obliged to leave Russia. Even his beloved Guadagnini had to be left behind. He arrived in Paris with no violin, no money, no connections. It was only a short time, however, before a backer appeared for a debut concert, and another patron loaned him a Stradivarius. It was a character-

istically lucky episode in Milstein's life.

Introduced to America in 1928 by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Milstein has made nine consecutive tours of this country, giving on the average of a hundred concerts a year. He has made eight appearances with the New York Philharmonic Symphony, eleven with the Chicago Symphony, five with the Philadelphia Orchestra, two with the Boston Symphony, besides playing with other important orchestras throughout the country.

In his thirties, Milstein has added a mature musical understanding to the virtuosity which amazed his audiences ten years ago, with the result that critics hail him everywhere as "one of the very first violinists of the day." His program will be as follows:

- Sonata, D Major—Handel.
- Sonata, G Major—Beethoven.
- Symphonie Espagnole—Lalo.
- Two Songs Without Words—Mendelssohn.
- Caprice, A Minor—Paganini.
- The Fountain of Arethusa—Szymanowski.
- Tarantella—Szymanowski.

FIVE WHEELS — NO BRAKES

By JAMES H. THOBURN
Retiring City Councillman

"Wild spending!" We haven't deliberately spent wildly, but we've allowed situations to get away from us. Because of lack of proper management, we've let ourselves in for spending much larger sums than we had intended, to finish something that was started.

No one member is to blame for the situation. We are all equally at fault. We felt the audit was necessary, and we still think so. We slipped in turning the auditor loose on it, complacently assuming that seven or eight hundred would do the job. A manager would have tied that auditor down to a contract. I personally expected extra expense on the fire house. Having no faith in the New Deal alphabet-

ical units, I expected the cost to run over the estimates. A straight bond election calling for the full amount of the cost, properly estimated, would have been defeated. The people were lured into passing that issue by the promise of something for nothing—the government allotment. I feel that the results in increased efficiency and the lowering of insurance rates have justified the subterfuge.

Looking back over the two, two-year periods of my experience on the Council, I can't help but note the striking difference in management of the first period as against the last. The first period was quite conservative. We lowered taxes,

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Carmel Spring Fashion Show Tomorrow

With an enthusiastic salute to its shops, Carmel presents its third Fashion Show tomorrow night at the Legion Hall, Eighth and Dolores streets. This seasonal event, rapidly becoming a Carmel tradition, will be presented, as usual, by the American Legion Auxiliary.

Gladys R. Johnston, president of the Auxiliary, is general chairman of the event. Measured by her generous efforts and her pursuit of the committee, the shops, the models, the hairdresser, the portraitist—and whom has she not seen?—we, "the casual spectators," will find ourselves not so casual but right up on our toes, being treated to a parade of fashions that are as bright as confetti and as new as the imports to be shown.

Ed Ewig is slated for master of ceremonies. Eleanor Irwin, designer, and fashion editor of the Peninsula Herald, is in charge of the models.

Verne Regan and Frances Hudgins wrote a one-act fantasy, entitled, "What Next?" which will be a literal preview of 1948. Mollie Darling of The Carmel Players is directing the cast whose identity is still a secret.

WAS IT YOU? Number 11

You came skipping out of the Carmel Garage with another little girl who was about two heads taller, and a little boy who was as tall as your friend. When you got to the corner you grasped the hand of your friend (or maybe it was your sister) and the three of you managed to navigate Ocean avenue safely. You were very intrigued with the little sticks Steve Patterson has planted in front of his restaurant to protect his new flower garden. In fact, you were so intrigued that you almost wanted to pull one up, but you knew better. Your friend dropped a notebook which blew out into the street and you were delighted about it and, laughing, you scrambled after it. When the notebook had been recovered, you went skipping on up San Carlos street. I don't know whether it was spring fever or your natural disposition, but you were so gay and happy that we wanted to go on with you instead of coming back and writing about you. You were wearing a bright red coat and a print dress under it, and brown shoes and short socks. Your hair was brown and quite short.

If you were this person, bring this paper into the CYMBAL office and we will give you a shiny new dollar or whatever we have in the dollar line.

Thirteen-year-old Carol Chester, pupil at Sunset School, who came from Berkeley last June to live here, was the claimant of last week's dollar.

(Continued from Page One)
way? Can a person just say he's one or shouldn't he have to prove it?

Yours truly

—D. Q. B.

That's a letter one can hang considerable editorial comment on. It says a mouthful. It rather brings up short some of these quarantine moaners who love their dogs when they have time and nothing else to do, but cannot translate that love into actual service to the dogs beyond feeding them. They know that what dogs love and must have is exercise, but spending any amount of time, unless one is being amused and entertained by it himself, in giving dogs exercise is something these so-called "dog lovers" can't be annoyed with. The easy method, the method that requires no time and effort on the dog owner's part, is to let them run wild. When a necessary rabies quarantine edicts that they can't run wild, then they are chained in a yard or locked in a house and the health authorities are excoriated by humans to the volume and degree of the whines, cries, barks and yelps of the animals. Verily, "By their acts shall ye know them."

THOBURN SHOOT'S WELL, BUT NOT ENOUGH

"If any businessman conducted his affairs as the Council runs this city, he wouldn't last a month."

Those are snappy words. They come from the typewriter of a member of the city council, a retiring member, the member in whom the people of Carmel have had the most confidence over the past two years, the one member among the three whose terms end in April who is emphatic in his determination not to be a candidate to succeed himself.

Jim Thoburn has been in there and he knows. A businessman wouldn't last a month if he ran his business as the city council runs the business of Carmel, he says.

We've been saying much the same thing for a year and more. We have been acclaimed for it on one side and damned for it on the other. Personal friends of individual councilmen have hopped on us as merely wanting to bite at something and finding the council a good grip for our teeth. We have been charged with having a destructive complex and nothing else. It has been said of THE CYMBAL that it finds the greatest joy in existence in being able to hit at somebody.

These views haven't troubled THE CYMBAL. We've gone on smashing around, particularly in smashing around at the city council. We have known we were right and our confidence hasn't even required the added bolstering of a rapidly growing circulation and manifest interest of the people generally.

Now, here comes a member of that city council which we have delighted in hammering, admitting in so many words that it should have been hammered. From one member of the council who doesn't count so much we get a punch in the nose; from another member who counts a great deal, we get confirmation of our editorially registered contentions.

Look at what Thoburn says about the audit; particularly about the way it was contracted for. In fact, he admits it wasn't contracted for at all. The gentleman who is a good tree trimmer and valued employe of the Del Monte Properties Company will undoubtedly continue on the Del Monte Properties payroll as a forester. He assuredly will never be moved up or in to administrative affairs. Surely, he will

never be moved into a job where he will have anything remotely to do with an audit. Because the Del Monte Properties Company doesn't fool around. It isn't in business for the fun of it. Its stockholders expect some return for taxes—excuse us, for their investment. The Del Monte Properties Company doesn't hire auditors just to see how long they can audit without taking a breath, or how many times they can ring the bell with a bill for auditing as done in installments.

Mayor Everett Smith, not the entire council, was responsible for the "contract" with the Shaff Brothers, whether or not Jim Thoburn is charitable enough to take one-fifth of the blame by charging the error to the whole body. What blame may be charged to the council as a whole is only for its action in turning the matter over to Mayor Smith with instructions to act. Smith acted, and acted as he never would have acted had he been handling his own private funds instead of those of the people of Carmel. He picked a couple of likely young fellows from Monterey and told them to go ahead.

And did they go ahead? As far as we know they're still going. It wouldn't surprise us a bit if at the next meeting of the council there is read sort of *sofito voce* a claim for a handful of shekels for veneering the audit or polishing it or wrapping it in cellophane.

That audit alone is enough to warrant hanging a tag of incompetence on the present city council, particularly on Everett Smith.

Thoburn speaks kind words of John Catlin. We appreciate his attitude and agree with his reactions as far as "treasury watchdog" propensities are concerned. But wasn't it John Catlin who was responsible for the present bloated condition of our police department? We have had three men and a chief stepping on each other's heels for the past six winter months, and due to continue to do so for the next three, with nothing at all to do in the category of police work. John Catlin gave us this department because he laid the egg for it in his political maneuver which put Robert Norton in as chief of police. Catlin may have been cutting down the rations of Peter by limiting expenditures, but he slipped the gravy under the fence for Paul.

And there are a number of little but important derelictions on the part of the council on which Jim Thoburn doesn't touch, although we have a sneaking feeling he has thought about them.

The waste of money by reason of the city attorney fiasco is one, the messing up of the fire station is another, the presentation to the library of more than \$1,000 which should not have come out of the present general fund, is another.

And, principally, the general attitude of the council toward the public is something that should brand this particular body as assuming characteristics of Hitler and Mussolini. This policy seems to us to have been inaugurated and maintained principally by Mayor Smith who carries the "government by representation" theory to a point of absurdity in a community the size of Carmel. Whispering consultations at the council chamber while the lobby is filled with interested citizens straining their ears, secret conferences on matters which should be aired before the public, cut and dried programs ready for greased ways at open meetings before the people have any idea that such things are planned—these have been great mistakes of the present city council. They have not only caused justified condemnation of the councilmen, but have prompted

many fancied grievances against them. It might be a good idea to elect a few councilmen merely on their ability to talk loud enough to be heard beyond the lobby railing.

No, Thoburn has not touched on everything by a long shot, but it is delightfully refreshing to have had him talk at all, especially to admit his shortcomings and those of his brother councilmen. You don't often find this sort of humility on the part of the city council members, even in Carmel. It makes it all the more regrettable that he alone of the councilmen refuses to return to his seat for another four years.

—W. K. B.

Personalities & Personals

Connie Kitchen and Linda Rooke-Ley were guests of friends in Berkeley when they went up to the Bay Region to see "Porgy and Bess."

Mrs. Carl Johnston, of Sacramento, spent the holidays in Carmel visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Deane.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hughes, from Fresno, have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Clinton Tawes, in Pacific Grove and have spent some time in Carmel seeing their friends here.

Alma Walker, who is well known to Carmel people, has taken a house on Casanova for three months.

Dr. Samuel Yarborough, from Oakland, and his two sons, who are students at Monteruma, have been spending a little while here.

Mrs. Lita Bathen is spending a week in San Jose where she is visiting Leota Tucker, who had a camera studio here for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Murdock and Miss Eleanor Short spent the week-end in Carmel. Murdock is the principal of San Jose High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Knight Jordan and Mrs. Vernon Short spent the holidays in Carmel. Knight Jordan is the son of David Starr Jordan, who built one of the early houses down on Professors' Row.

Shirley Hoffman and Jack Lawrence were among the Stanford students who spent the week-end here.

Don Clark has returned to Carmel after spending several days in San Francisco where he attended the Shell Oil convention.

Nan McCormick, after spending about eight months in Europe, has decided to make March 22 the date when she will sail for home via the Panama Canal.

Trev Shand "All Burnt Up," He Says; Seems To Have Good Reason To Be

Editor, CARMEL CYMBAL:

I am all burnt up!

I seem to be getting into the kickers' column. Last week I wrote you about Bill Silva and the wolves.

I also wrote to the City Council, protesting against Ordinance Number 11, 1917, operating today with few additional provisions. This ordinance provides (I refer you to the ordinance) that if a person goes delinquent, let us say in 1933, at the expiration of the five-year term (unless those taxes are paid with 10 per cent penalty for the first year and 10 per cent each succeeding year, together with interest (I believe) at 7 per cent, also advertising charges) the property is sold to the city without redress.

My letter to the council did not bring out the above, but it did bring out the fact that if one wishes to clear up his taxes prior to a sale to the city on a five-year basis, he must pay this 10 percent per annum penalty, interest and advertising costs, together with all subsequent delinquent taxes, penalties, interest, and costs at one fell swoop.

Our county and also state accept their taxes semi-annually, and base their penalties on an 8 per cent and 3 per cent basis. After that is charged, a plain straight interest charge is made, and if at the end of five years' time the one tax (1933) is not paid (not all subsequent taxes), then the property is sold to the state for that year.

It would seem from the above (if I am correct) that our old friend Shylock has nothing on the city of

Carmel. Figure it out: if a fellow's in tough luck and owes \$50 taxes for the year 1933, and he goes delinquent, he must pay that \$50, together with about \$25 penalty, also interest and advertising for this 1933 delinquency. In addition to this if he should have gone delinquent, say in 1934 and 1935, his penalties are 10 per cent a year (plus interest and advertising) and must be paid at the same time that his 1933 delinquency was paid, or else he stands to lose his property.

The above is something that cannot be pinned onto the present council any more than it could be pinned onto any of the previous councils from 1917 on, and I believe that the City Attorney was instructed to look into this and report as an answer to my letter.

I do not suppose that if this ordinance was amended now it would be retroactive, or would it? I think it would be a very good thing if it were, as it undoubtedly works a hardship on many.

What do you think?

ARTHUR T. SHAND

EL FUMADOR

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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The other day I read a short pamphlet on Sitka, down in the little right arm of Alaska. It was by Jack Calvin, who once was a habitue of our pines and a mighty canoe paddler on the waters of the Pacific.

He's the same Jack Calvin who paddled all the way to Alaska from Puget Sound in a small but able canoe, thus proving something.

He's the same Jack Calvin who went pioneering on an island up there in the big country and returned to the civilization offered by Sitka, where the tourists' gold helps out the meagre living of the tree-clad shores.

And, I'm afraid, I was just discovering Alaska too late. Soon it may well be another Japanese dominion. This will be because, as Calvin points out, Washington has trouble understanding Alaska.

Shortly after the purchase, Washington sent troops, no navy, to control the Alaskans, whites and Indians. The Russians, who had understood the problems of their America, were gone. Troops could do nothing, marooned in Sitka. What was needed was a gunboat.

But you may have heard the story of the Sitka "massacre." It was no massacre, fortunately, because of a kindly Indian who gave away the secret plans. Washington was too far away, so British Columbia sent the gunboat and there was no massacre.

Now again, the Japanese have made their inroad. They seriously affected the Bristol Bay salmon run. The halibut fishing is next. Fishermen know well the halibut situation. The banks are there and so are the halibut, until they are fished out. Then there are no more halibut.

Not only Japan, but England, a lot of other European countries, would like to send big trawlers to take the halibut. Japan will make the start.

Then, when Japan has a foothold, we may make a feeble protest. Japan will step in and set up some lumber mills. Well may we protest then, and let them have Hawaii, too.

Washington is in a fine position right now to tell Japan that no more "fisheries research" in the eastern Bering sea will be tolerated, that the United States can not be responsible for what American fishermen will do if they see any more Japanese cannery ships operating near Alaska shores.

The truth of the situation is that the United States will have to be responsible for what American, and quite likely a lot of British Columbia fishermen, will do the next time they see a Japanese cannery ship or trawler.

American fishermen, regardless of what pussyfooting politics are popular in Washington, are not chicken-livered. A lot can happen on a foggy night and it is not likely that the offensive will stay to pick up survivors.

All this recalls an actual incident off the shores of Humboldt county in northern California. In that county no Japanese may remain. I don't know if there is any written law on the subject, but there is plenty of unwritten law in the common knowledge of the populace.

The Monterey Japanese salmon fishermen heard of a heavy run of salmon at Shelter Cove there several years ago and headed north in a fleet.

In that country, the wild Finns readily take the blame for almost

"Around the World on a Freighter" Subject of Colored Movies at Auditorium March 4 and 5



SHADOW PLAY at Djocjakarta, Java. One of the fascinating scenes shown in Alton Walker's travelogue at Sunset Auditorium next Friday and Saturday, under auspices of Carmel and Monterey Posts of the American Legion.

"Around the World on a Freighter" sounds good to us.

Alton Walker, who has done it—several times, in fact—will tell you about it in moving pictures in natural color at Sunset Auditorium next Friday and Saturday evenings under auspices of the Carmel and Monterey Posts of the American Legion.

Walker was in to see us about it and the pictures he showed us and what he had to say about them got us very excited indeed. You see things when you travel on a freighter. It's the kind of a ship that doesn't go places so fast a mile of telegraph poles look like a lath fence or the Hawaiian Islands re-

semble flashing spots before the eyes.

It appears that Walker has been everywhere and he has taken colored movies to prove it. Besides carrying you to every interesting place there is on the globe, including Shanghai, which he shows as it never will be seen again, thanks to a couple of machine guns, he has an added feature entitled "Mexico in Your Own Car." He means that you can start from the Shell Station out in front of THE CYMBAL office and do Mexico on your own rubber without any annoyances whatsoever. It's a movie he took a month ago of the new Pan-American Highway to Mexico City.

Maskewitz To Conduct Radio Recital

Michel Maskewitz will take over Borghild Janson's Fireside Recital on station KDON Thursday, March 3, from 9:15 to 9:45 p.m. Maskewitz, well known pianist, has done a great deal of radio work as he used to broadcast regularly over the British Broadcasting Company stations, giving three or four recitals a year.

Maskewitz studied in Vienna under Leopold Godowsky and is recognized among musicians and especially pianists as an interpreter of Chopin. He appeared in the orchestra at Queen's Hall, London.

The program is as follows:

Schumann—Arabesque; Chopin—4 preludes, 3 etudes, Waltz in E Minor, Nocturne; Godowsky—Lament, Alt Wien; Scriabin—2 etudes; Pachulski—Harmones du Soir; Wagner-Liszt—Isolde's Liebestod.

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Mrs. Grace Matthews Case of the Engracia Hat Shop will be home this week to open her shop after a vacation at Death Valley and Palm Springs. She has gathered styles that are worn in Palm Beach, Miami and other beach resorts.



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James Kelsey Gets Council Action

James Kelsey, Sunset School traffic officer, appeared before the city council at its meeting Wednesday night and accomplished a signal victory. He waited until the council had exhausted itself over a zoning ordinance for a period of nearly two hours and then, on recognition from the chair, rose and read clearly and boldly a request that the traffic lane for school children at Tenth and San Carlos be moved south of the "stop" sign instead of north as it is at present. The situation of the lane now brings cars to a stop inside it and menaces the safety of the children crossing San Carlos.

The council discussed the thing and finally voted to cut down a tree and move the lane. The joke is that the same thing came up about a month ago and it was then decided nothing could be done. But at that time there was no James Kelsey to sway the council with his oratory.

James is in real life Jimmie, and he is 13 years old.

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Menu at Sunset Next Week

February 28—March 4

Monday: Candle salad, onion soup, macaroni and cheese, Harvard beets, ice cream.

Tuesday: Molded fruit salad, split pea soup, beef stew, corn, chocolate pudding.

Wednesday: Carrot salad, vegetable soup, candied sweet potatoes, spinach, ice cream.

Thursday: Complexion salad, alphabet soup, tamale pie, artichokes, fruit cup.

Friday: Blushing pear salad, tomato bouillon, scalloped potatoes, carrots, ice cream.

JAMES STEVER OF CARMEL BUYS SALINAS MARKET

James Stever, one of the owners of the Quality Meat Market and who recently disposed of his interest in the grocery department to John Weigold, has bought the Salinas Drive-In Market. Stever will retain his Carmel interests, but will strive to build up the Salinas business through featuring the same quality meats sold in the local establishment. While actively engaged in operating the Quality grocery here Stever made many friends in Carmel.

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Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove,

LEAGUE TO DISCUSS OUR FOREIGN POLICY

On Tuesday, March 1, under the chairmanship of the section of Government and Foreign Policy of the League of Women Voters, there will be an all-day open meeting at the home of Mrs. Karl Rendtorff on Camino Real. Members will bring their own lunches. In view of present circumstances and of Mrs. Rendtorff's ever-acute interest in world affairs, this should be an especially worthwhile day.

The general discussion meeting held at the home of Mrs. Charles A. T. Cabaniss on Monday was such a success that it is planned to hold these meetings regularly to keep members acquainted with the whole picture of what the organization is doing. In this way, interrelations and correlations of subject can be established and examined into.

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FLORA GIFFORD TALKS ON "THIS MOSLEM WORLD"

The Carmel Missionary Association met Tuesday afternoon at the Community Church to hear a talk by Flora Gifford on "What Is This Moslem World," by Dr. Charles Watson, president of the American University at Cairo. The book is the text book for missionary societies this year.

Miss Gifford paraphrased the first chapter of the book which is an airplane trip over the Moslem worlds, beginning with Tangier and ending with the Philippine Islands. The purpose of the journey was to see the type of country, inhabited by the 250 million Moslems.

Devotional exercises were led by Mrs. Mabel Hamilton who gave a sympathetic talk on Moody and Sankey, and Mrs. David E. Nixon, garbed in a Hindu costume, answered questions about the religion and dress of the Moslems. Following the program tea was served to the members.

The next meeting will take place the last of March at All Saints' Parish house with Miss Eva Peck in charge.

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ALL SAINTS' PLANS SPECIAL LENTEN PROGRAM

In a letter sent to the parishioners of All Saints' Church, the Rev. Carel Hulswé, rector, urged that the forty days of the Lenten season be observed in a really practical way and that an endeavor should be made to master themselves. The

THIS THING AND THAT

I RECONSIDER

I said, "I'm sick of houses—I'll walk abroad this night.
"I want God's dirt beneath my feet. I want celestial light."
I shut the door behind me. I strode into the wood.
"Ah," quoth I, "earth, trees, and sky! How singularly good!"

There was wailing in the distance of hollow pounding sea.
The pines had giant fingers and they pointed them at me.
"Hoot!" said an owl. "Whoosh!" said the trees.
"I'm on my way," said I. "Good day. Excuse me, if you please."

+

Of constancy the currency little wots or recks it.
The instant that you pocket some it beats a hasty exit.

—EDITH FRISBIE

Louis Kroeger Tells Women Voters Of State Personnel Problems

An insight into some of the many problems continuously cropping up for the State Personnel Board to cope with was given clearly and interestingly at the luncheon meeting of the League of Women Voters Tuesday by Louis Kroeger, executive member of the Board.

With a working contingent of about 25,000 employees; applications for the year running around 70,000 and an active file of 35,000 eligibles, the merit system in California is doing a thriving business. Additionally, a mailing list of 25,000 persons is kept and notifications of available jobs and impending examinations sent to these. The State of California is a big state.

But not only big in numbers, says Mr. Kroeger. Big in variety of opportunity. Fifteen hundred jobs are classified. In these days of specialization, of division of labor, of effort on the part of all personnel agencies to guide the right job to the right man, special techniques have had to be devised everywhere; complex techniques. For instance—Mr. Kroeger used this instance—the Personnel Department tries, insofar as possible, in highway construction to put the men who are used to engineering city streets to engineering city streets; to use the men qualified to build a San Simeon Road for that type of work. New and various problems spring up daily, due in part to the vast extent of the state. Incidentally, the Civil Service is proud of the Bay Bridge, conceived, designed and constructed under its auspices.

Geography itself is a factor in further complicating the work of the personnel machinery. State employees are in all the counties, especially concentrated where there are state institutions. The administrative set-up of the State government, with personnel divided jurisdictionally; with some under civil service, others under the personal aegis of the governor or other political functionary, provides its problems. Politics has a way of creeping in no matter what you do, Mr. Kroeger ruefully admits. Politics has money. And added to these ever-present difficulties are the personal factors inherent in running any organization of so complex and, in a sense, controversial a nature. Like all such agencies, the personnel board is taken for granted.

program for the season is as follows:

Ash Wednesday (March 2)—10:30 a.m. Litany and penitential office.

Thursday (March 3) and each Thursday thereafter—10 a.m. Holy Communion; 4 p.m. Evening Prayer and Address.

Tuesday (March 8) and each Tuesday thereafter—10:30 a.m. Discussion Group.

Service schedule for Holy Week and Easter to be announced later.

ed when things go right; blamed for all its mistakes and more.

Then there is the ubiquitous business of financing operations. Of course, said Mr. Kroeger, if you have friends you want to give jobs to, you're not going to be too eager to legislate funds for an agency that plays no favorites. Also, there is a tendency for this reason, to hedge the department in with restrictions which may in some cases work to curtail abuse but for the most part only beset the path of the honest personnel man with stupid barriers to honest work. Mr. Kroeger thinks if the department is to function at all it should, by virtue of its very nature, be assumed to be honest, integrated, efficient. If it isn't, you cannot legislate these qualities.

That the League of Women Voters has helped substantially in clearing up many of these problems; in educating public opinion; in furnishing one of the few special organized interests which has been consistently helpful in the work, was gratefully recognized by the speaker.

As for the operating technique of the personnel board, Mr. Kroeger described briefly the main features of the work: classification of jobs and job analyses; compensation; testing for the job and other recruiting techniques; and regulation and follow-up of the worker after he has got the job.

Earnestly Mr. Kroeger believes that only through the personnel agency can the State be assured of getting the very best available type of man and woman for the employment the commonwealth has to offer.

Mothers' Group Seeks Nursery

No date can be announced for the opening of the Peninsula Mothers' Association nursery school because the location has not yet been settled. However, the location and equipment committee, headed by Mrs. Ernest Bixler, has been working hard all this week to straighten out the details.

The executive board meets today definitely to settle the location and talk over the tuition rates before presenting them to the association for its approval.

The next big meeting of the association is scheduled for Friday, March 4, at 8 p.m. at the Community Church, at which time all details will be settled. Otto Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, will give a short talk on "What a Nursery School Does for Children Entering Kindergarten" and Mrs. Millard Klein will be introduced to the association. She will talk on nursery school routine as planned here, and will answer questions. The meeting is open to anyone interested whether they belong or not.

The location and equipment committee is asking for donations of equipment. It would like any kind of outdoor equipment including slides, swings and see-saws. Any indoor equipment will also be welcome, particularly small tables and chairs and desks. Hobby horses, velocipedes, wagons, blocks, in fact any kind of toys, are badly needed. The association is also starting a library for both the mothers and children and any donations of books along the child psychology line and books for small children are wanted. The donations will be picked up by calling Mrs. Cedric Row-

tree, Mrs. Millard Klein or Mrs. Ernest Bixler or they can be left at the home of Miss Josephine Culbertson at Lincoln and Seventh where they will be taken care of until the location is settled and they can be moved.

+

STUART WALCOTT PILOTS NEW BUG AUTOMOBILE

That automotive bug you saw on Ocean avenue last week-end is a creation of Rust Heinz (57). But the most interesting thing about it to us is the fact that in the driver's seat was Stuart Walcott, whose principal claim to distinction, no matter how high he may go, is the fact that his mother was Louise Walcott, and next principally, that his sister is Anne Walcott Hopps. As far as the dachshund-looking car is concerned it is a phantom Corsair, can go 115 miles an hour if you want it to, has an airplane invulnerable body, has only a 6 1/2-inch clearance above ground, possesses a radiator-hood that springs open at the touch of a button on the instrument board, has an altimeter on the instrument board as well as indicators for about everything that flesh is heir to, and costs \$12,000 on the hoof, f.o.b. movie-land.

+

Mrs. Matie Coppuck, of the Cinderella Shop, spent the holidays at her home in Burlingame.

+

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CLANGING CYMBALS



We were speaking the other day, a group of us, of the most exciting journeys we had ever taken. There was a particularly harrowing tale of a trip into Afghanistan; Ben had gone into the diamond country when the Boers were not sweetly inclined to a Britisher; and Boris had crossed the Siberian steppes in twelve days on wild horses. As for me, I have not travelled all over the civilized world, as the saying goes. I have got on some trains, a few boats, many airplanes, a funicular, and thus hither at times. But for undiluted thrill, I hold this journey the first.

Almost in the beginning you cross a chasm, a chasm which I have long since come to consider the greatest body of space in the world.

Perhaps, for effect, I had better mention the very first lap of the journey. I disembark from a Yellow Cab at the 42nd street entrance to the Grand Central Station. I have been to the play and have had just time for a quick one with the crowd at the 21 Club. You have seen me, or the likes of me, any number of times taking those midnight trains at Grand Central. We leap from a half dozen cabs with a nonchalant fanfare of labelled luggage, trailing Sally Milgrim's choicest stuffs over the many-footed marble of the main waiting-room; we flaunt our orchids in the faces of the weary clerks just getting the last local home to Bronxville. We smell of Hermes No. 1, of grease paint, of plush foyers, of the best cognac. We pooh-hoo the play, permit our wraps to fall over one shoulder and act like a lot of small boys and girls taking our first choo-choo ride. Only much worse. I submit my bags to one of the world's great snobs, a Grand Central redcap. Someone says, Don't fall into the old oaken bucket, the old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket. I say, Lower 6, Car A; and that is over and I am alone now to face the chasm.

Eight, perhaps thirteen, inches wide, it is not a difficult canyon to negotiate. It is, really, only the crack between the Grand Central Station platform, and the platform of the White Mountain Express. You couldn't fall into it and when you peer down it all you can see is grubbiness, the shining top surface of the track, and wheels. But somehow, when you cross it, it seems to suck down into its depths all the noisy cacklings, the raucous plaints, the Empire State Building, the Grand Central Station, the lips and eyes of the little men, the gutters and the towers. It is then that I have a clear and sudden vision of her face as it will look when I surprise her at her chores next morning.

At Concord, New Hampshire, you climb down from the Express and get aboard, as best you may with the brakeman's help, the huffing little one-coach train that takes you to Henniker. It is an April morning and I am going home to see my mother!

When you have huffed out beyond the granite quarries at the city's edge and the blue Uncanoons establish their watch, there comes through the open door at the back of your carriage the sweet breath of the reborn world. Oh, it is splendid in the Santa Lucias and the Matterhorn is high, and if you will take off your shoes and follow me, the robed and cringing sheik

murmurs softly, I can show you something.

But here in April the peepers are shrieking from the bottoms of the meadows and you can see the eager sap leap from tree to tree, nipping the tips of the maple twigs and mischievously blushing the sedate elm. Along the bank by the tracks, delicate fern brakes unfurl and here at the small gray station an old lady in a bonnet is swamped by her grandchildren. Shyly, like a nun to her devotions, the green river comes to the bend under the green willows, and genuflects.

And I can say that here is the quick of things. The prime world new-got from its winter death. A world in which man may find, after all, that which, without knowing it, he is forever craving, the baptism. The cleansing. The revelation.

We have passed West Hopkinton, where the somber covered bridge comes down to sniff at the railroad track. Just beyond, around that curve, we come to the first glimpse of Crany Hill. Oh, I think the Himalayas taller, but now I can see from my window The Two Old Ladies Going to Church. There by that bend in the road Old Mamie lives with her illegitimate daughter who has never, at fifty, been allowed to see a man. Ah, yes, and here behind the white birch grove is the house of dear old Deacon Crosslittle who was hooked by a steer when he turned his back one day last Fall and has had to stand up all winter.

I am at home.

The next station is Henniker. Henn... i... kker.

The leatherboard mill and the weir and the bridge. The weed-grown cemetery where my great-grandmother was prematurely buried. The slowing wheels. I am at home.

Furiously, I dig out a pair of walking shoes and strike off for Fernside. How she loves to be surprised, suddenly looking up to see me there. How her plain, absorbed face is precipitately radiant!

I skirt the village, lest someone will see me and phone her I am coming. Out past the end of the sidewalk and by Old Peasley's field where he is turning the earth. Now I am at the edge of the town where the main highway whiffs off to the left and the dirt road to Fernside goes gently down to the bridge across the Brook. Another time I pause and watch the shadows cross the old swimmin' hole; any other time, walk slowly past the white birch maiden ladies, still waiting, after all these years, the violation of their proffered bodies; any time but this, stay and watch and laugh at the chipmunks cursing the red squirrels from the top of the stone wall.

But not now. Now I race up over the last thank-you-marm. The roof of the barn, the house chimneys, the great barn door, come in sight. Then I see her. She is standing in the middle of the dooryard looking up at the apple tree which has burst into full bloom in the night. I have never seen her, even in church, bow her head when she worshipped. —LYNDA SARGENT

In writing my little piece about Jessie Rittenhouse last week, I inexcusably, took the word of a third person that Miss Rittenhouse was married to Clinton Scollard at Pine Inn. Miss Rittenhouse and Mr. Scollard were married in a cottage on Camino Real, the Carmel home of the bride and her mother. —L. S.

Just In Case You Might Be Interested

Following are two clippings, the first from the New York Herald Tribune, the second from the London Times:

London, Feb. 5.—Lady Mary Faith Montagu, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich, was married today to Mr. Phillip Nesbitt, of Carmel, Calif., at the Huntingdon Registry Office. Only members of the family were present.

After a breakfast at the home of the bride at Hinchingsbrooke, Huntingdon, the couple left for an automobile tour through England. They will live in California.

Lady Mary, through her mother, the former Miss Alberta Sturges, is a granddaughter of the late William Sturges, of Chicago, and of the late Mrs. Francis H. Leggett, of Stone Ridge, N.Y., who for many years lived in New York City. Lady Mary's father succeeded his uncle as ninth earl in 1916. The title was created in 1660. Lady Mary is a sister of Lady Elizabeth Montagu, of Viscount Hinchingsbrooke and of the Hon. William Drogo Sturges Montagu.

Mr. Nesbitt is an artist and writer and formerly was connected with Walt Disney in Hollywood.

The wedding took place quietly at Huntingdon yesterday of Lady Mary Faith Montagu, the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Sandwich, to Mr. Phillip Nesbitt, the author and writer, of Wilderness House, Carmel, U.S.A.

Members of the bride's family attending the ceremony included Lord and Lady Sandwich, Lady Marie Montague, and Lady Olga Montagu (aunts of the bride), Viscount and Viscountess Hinchingsbrooke (brother and sister-in-law of the bride), the Hon. Drogo and Mrs. Montagu (brother and sister-in-law of the bride), Lady Elizabeth Montagu (sister of the bride), and the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Glynn (Godmother of the bride).

The bride and bridegroom are spending a fortnight's honeymoon in England and then going to America to motor across that continent to Mr. Nesbitt's home in California.

"LIVING RELIGIOUSLY" TO BE BODLEY'S SUNDAY TOPIC

"Living Religiously" will be the theme of the Rev. Homer S. Bodley's sermon at Community Church this Sunday morning. From Berkeley this week Mr. Bodley sent us this notice. He is there with Mrs. Bodley attending the Interdenominational Educational Conference for ministers in the university city.

Hans Leschke, son of the choral director of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra, and Jane Bilderbach, a San Francisco actress, spent the week-end in Carmel visiting John Roberts.

Gussie Meyer, who has fully recovered from her accident, has returned from an extended trip through the East and Florida and will remain in Carmel for a while.

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"Porgy and Bess" At San Jose

"Porgy and Bess," George Gershwin's folk opera of Catfish Row, comes to the Civic Auditorium, San Jose, Monday evening, March 7, under the Denny-Watrous Management by special arrangement with Merle Armitage and the New York Theatre Guild.

"Porgy and Bess" includes a company of 50 Negroes, the New York principals and the Eva Jessye Choir of the original production having come to the coast to be a part of the western showing.

Principals include Todd Duncan, Ann Brown, Ruby Elzy, Georgette Harvey and others. Ann Brown was Bess when the Gershwin opera first opened in New York, and she sang the role when the production first went on the road. Along with Todd Duncan she was brought west last summer to sing in the Gershwin Memorial Concert in the Hollywood Bowl.

Ann Brown is a Baltimore girl, who has won two scholarships to the Juillard Foundation. Some day she hopes to sing at the Metropolitan. Her Bess has made her name known throughout America.

Seats for the Gershwin folk opera in San Jose on March 7 are on sale at Lial's Music Shop, Monterey.

+++

CARMEL GIRLS ELECTED TO CHURCHMAN COUNCIL

Martha Millis and Joyce Uzzell of Carmel were elected members of the executive council of ten of the House of Young Churchmen of the Episcopal Diocese of California which held its annual convention in Grace Cathedral at San Francisco last week-end.

SEIDENECK HAS GOOD IDEA IN MATTER OF FENCING

George Seideneck, who is landscaping Willard Wheeler's recently-purchased property at Twelfth and San Antonio, does a nice stunt in the matter of the fence. Instead of bringing the fence lines together at right angles at the corners of the property at the street intersection, he has cut the corner off, leaving a triangle of the private property outside as part of the sidewalk area. This, Seideneck thinks, not only improves the appearance of the fence line, but it makes the corner easier for motorists, giving them considerable more vision up the intersecting street. George thinks every corner property owner should do this. We agree with him.

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and to

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Eleanor Irwin, Models
The Carmel Players

THE COMMITTEE

Gladys R. Johnston, President, General Chairman
Mrs. R. R. Wallace, Decorations
Kay Knudsen, Lighting
Anne Ewig, Music
Rene Moore, Publicity
Verne Regan, The Play

and the models

MRS. RAYMOND BROWNELL
MAXINE BURHANS & MARJORIE LEE DAVIS
SALLY FRY & BUBBLES HAMPTON
MAXINE LANER & PAULINE LIGHTER
ADRIENNE LILLICO & SALLY MCCREERY
BERNICE RILEY & HELEN SEARS
BETTY JANE SEABURY
BETTY RAE SUTTON
MARGUERITE TICKLE

Dress Rehearsal

Have you been watching the window of the Irene Lucien shop? They're showing the new Chanel pink—a color tone that is something like hyacinth and something like heather. An extremely flattering shade, different from the pinks we've had before. One gown, to be worn to events after dusk, is as fragile as a cascade of rose petals. A hand-blocked, two-piece linen, on pearl of gray backgrounds, is a spectator dress, also in this lovely color. You'll not see another one like it. There's a silk crepe, too, that has a quilted top and full-pleated skirt, whose belt is a burgundy accent in suede. Ask Edith Smythe or Maud Jenkinson to show you this practically irresistible color. You have to try it on to see what it does for you.

Models: Mrs. Lighter, wearing a gaucho dress with jaunty black straw in the Iberian trend; a wool contrasting suit of crushed raspberry, double-breasted box coat and navy skirt, worn with a Stetson Playgirl in navy; an embroidered linen sports dress of white on navy. Marguerite Tickle, wearing a Spanish formal in black crepe with frothy lace bolero and scarlet belt; a navy silk ensemble with finger-length coat, vivid print contrast; an English swagger coat over a silk alpaca in sand-dune, with a brown Milan sailor.

+

Here, under the cypress and live oaks, Carmel continues the tradition of the Spanish Galleons. A long time ago, when Monterey was a Capital City, her waters sank the anchors of sailing ships whose cargo was out of China and Ceylon. Some of that cargo stayed here. Sometimes in rock ballast, sometimes in coolies. And, once in a while, it was a piece of brocaded silk, a sandalwood fan, a jade trinket. That was the beginning of the Chinese trade with the Monterey Peninsula. Today, when you think of Chinese porcelain or Chinese lace, you think of Der Ling, our companion words to the luxurious treasures of the Orient. A piece of Der Ling lingerie, made of Chinese brocaded silk, richly embroidered, or simply tailored, is a modern-day treasure to own. But not an expensive one. If you do not wish to select anything from the lovely things on display you are invited to have something made to your special order. You may even choose your colors because all Der Ling silk is imported in white and is dyed here by expert technicians who produce the lasting and clear colors of oriental gems... rose quartz, amethyst, Indian ruby, turquoise. And the color of Imperial gold.

Models: Sally McCreery, wearing brocaded pajamas and Chinese padded coat; brocaded gown and kimono. Marguerite Tickle, wearing an embroidered Mandarin coat.

+

With spring the old coats go—the best ones, with tongue in cheek, to the winter closet—and we, forever fickle at the beginning of spring, cast our eyes toward the dust-blue and the heather and white-sand coats which have already winked outrageously at us from out of persuasive shops. The old tweed overcoat seems suddenly very dim while each of us admits



MISS BETTY JANE SEABURY modelling a vivid formal from The Cinderella Shop, Carmel. (Photo by Terry Ogden)

to herself, "it does nothing for me," and, so fortified, we go strolling... in the direction of the Anna Katz Shop. She has already brought us her first spring shipment of English coats. They're simple in line. The long, slim lines that give a straight, tall figure, sleek and flattering, a coat which is a finale to whatever you're wearing under it. These new coats are what only an import can be... spongy soft in your hands, a downy sort of softness which is warmth in feather-weight. They come in the welcome pastels, those subtle shades which create many backgrounds, as well as in the clear, deep colors for accent. These same woollens are made up into suits, too, and there are a few ensembles of matching suit and coat... that most favored fashion idea. And it is very important to add that Anna Katz has marked both the suits and the coats at a wonderful price.

Models: Bernice Riley, wearing a hand-blocked seer-sucker formal which is very colonial looking; a spectator dress whose novelty is rows of multi-colored threads stitched into the bolero to simulate bird feathers. It's really very nice. Betty Rae Sutton, wearing a formal in the Spanish influence—sweeping organza skirt, embroidered in copper-brown, with a taffeta bolero and generous sash in the same tint; an English wool ensemble in gold with a tuxedo cross-fox fur collar—decidedly dashing.

+

Needle handicraft has come a long way up from afghans and doily centers. Our library has some excellent magazines (not confined to crochet and handkerchief edges) which, with even a casual glance, will convince you that handknits are very smart ideas of clever women. Few things bring more satisfaction than the interest and effort put into making one of these good-looking outfits for yourself. The Jean Ritchie Yarn Shop has a huge assortment of yarns—wools, silks, boucles, cottons—and will help you

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Show Introduces Spring



MISS MARGUERITE TICKLE, daughter of State Senator and Mrs. E. H. Tickle of Carmel Highlands, modelling a Mandarin Coat for the Der Ling Shop, Carmel. (Photo by Terry Ogden)

for formal wear in the mood of the "Gay 90's." It has a jacket with leg of mutton sleeves, for instance, and delft blue ribbon bows on the bodice. Helen Sears, wearing a two-piece sports dress in light blue with horizontal, graduated stripe motif on the blouse in navy. (We think the "Monterey Cypress" will also be shown.)

In the Court of the Seven Arts Mrs. Stella Herron sits over her embroidery frame, her fingers deftly stitching a sparkle of threads into costly silks, satins, English jerseys, making the lovely originals for which The Viennese Shop is famed. These unique dresses are all made by hand with exquisite workmanship, employing the romantic colors for which Vienna, herself, is known. Visitors are always welcome, and the little embroideress invites you to her shop which has so many things to please you.

Models: Adrienne-Lillico, wearing an English jersey in white, richly embroidered in royal blue and complemented with a white cape of knee length. Bubbles Hampton, wearing a white dress of silk crepe with wool embroidery and open work. Sally McCreery, wearing a white jersey, two-piece dress, with red and blue embroidery. Sally Fry, wearing a two-piece white satin dress, with Russian collar, white angora embroidery. Maxine Laney, wearing a pink jersey, short sleeves, blouse and skirt with colorful embroidery.

Every woman remembers her accidental triumphs—like the heliotrope organza she bought when she was really looking for a business suit, and it somehow turned out that she bought the dress instead—and what a wonderful thing it was after all that she did buy it . . . or the time she bought the wildest fantasy in gold slippers sprinkled with little stones that sparkled when she danced—and so many things happened in those gay sandals . . . All the lucky things she bought and still cherishes and can't bear to part with although it begins to be "years since . . . And, then, too, she remembers the failures . . .

"the enamelled crab-apples that tricked with their fragrance but were bitter to taste . . ."

But we all learn wisdom after a time, one way or another. And when we do, we begin to be intelligent about hats. Which brings us to the point about the Cinderella Shop which carries, perhaps not very many hats, but all of them in excellent taste. They have an authentic manner about them, whether they are French imports or not, and all of them are alive with imagination. Around these animated hats of hers, Mrs. Dean achieves just the right things to go with them. Dresses that dare to be brilliant and surprising . . . but always

(Continued on Page Eight)

Informal Showing

THIS YEAR'S
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*I regret that I will
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Best wishes

Helene Vye

decide on a pattern—as well as help you to make it. In that way your work will make careful progress. Drop in at the shop during this week while they're showing the newest things by Minerva—you'll be knitting with the rest of us yet!

Model: Marjorie Lee Davis, wearing some of these stunning hand-knits.

When you've thought of every kind of costume you'd like, and they all sound the same as last year's—and the year before—and you're apathetic about new clothes—yet you know you must do something about it—and still can't get enthusiastic at all . . . you'd better go over to the Ynez Shop and ask to see the dress that just came in with the Schiaparelli pockets. There are 8 of them down the front, besides a row of tiny buttons. It's a two-piece hedgerow cotton boucle that's washable and sunfast. The color is luggage, that new shade of brown which put brown into the sophisticated color class. (It also comes in five other colors.) Everything about the dress, from its neckline to its pockets, is streamlined and a pace ahead of you. Ynez shows Kay Christy, Vogue-featured, play clothes. Have you seen the hand-blocked linen badminton dress? The design is "Monterey Cypress," interesting enough.

Models: Maxine Burhans, wearing an imported Melanese print


Terry Ogden
Camera Portraitist

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Dress Rehearsal

(Continued from Page One)
in restraint. You'll notice them to-
morrow night.

Models: Mrs. Raymond Brown-
ell, wearing a spectator dress
echoing early Monterey in its
royal-and-red-slashed silk bengal-
line bolero, worn over a raw silk
of sand-dune neutrality, zippered,
nevertheless, in red, and
boasting red buckles on its wide
bengaline belt. A jaunty red sail-
or to wear with this. Betty Jane
Seabury, wearing a fitted navy
coat of light-weight English wool,
double-breasted and smartly tai-
lored. To wear with it, a navy
poke in felt, with three separate
parts to its poke and a striped
band. It is an Agnès hat and was
recently featured in *Vogue*. The
hat band has a matching scarf,
which Miss Seabury will wear
with the coat. Although their
color is Roman-stripe in idea, it
is a soft blend of tones. She
wears, later, a vivid formal, in
rainbow stripes.

"these have an art for the prais-
ing of beauty..."

Two gentlemen contributed their
art to this, otherwise, very feminine
business of a Fashion Show.

One Gentleman: André, whose
art is keeping (and sometimes mak-
ing) beauty in woman, in her hair,
her skin, her hands, so that his ap-
pointment book is a roster of ap-
preciative women and his telephone
extremely busy. He is dressing the
hair for the girls modelling in the
show.

Another Gentleman: Terry Og-
den, who also preserves beauty—
but his way is in portraiture. And,
judging by the portraits which may
be seen in his studio in the Court
of the Seven Arts, he has assembled
a gallery of Beautiful Women the
world over. His two photographs
on these pages were taken especial-
ly for the Fashion Show.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

Helen Anderson, a registered
nurse and physiotherapist, has re-
cently come from Santa Barbara
where she has been employed as
physiotherapist in hospitals there.
Miss Anderson plans to do massage
work here, in the home, under the
direction of the patient's attend-
ing physician. She has been attend-
ing Mme. Borghild Janson during
her recent illness and is now taking
up her residence with Margaret
Konarsky, another nurse, in the La
Giralda building on Dolores and
Seventh.

Louis Levinson, Jr., celebrated his
twelfth birthday last Sunday with
a luncheon at which Valentine de-
corations were used. Following the
luncheon, his guests were taken
over to the skating rink in Monte-
re by his brothers, Homer and
Howard, to skate from 2 to 4. Those
who enjoyed the afternoon were
Bill Monroe, Jimmy Greenan, Stan-
ley Ewig, Bob Holm, John Graham,
Baird Bardarson, Irving Williams
and Jimmie Handley.

TAXI?

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House. "Aida."

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Orchestra. Arturo Toscanini
conducting.

KDON—Tomorrow evening from
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KPO—Sunday evening from 9 to
9:30 o'clock. NBC Home Sym-
phony.

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to 10:30. Radio City Concert.

KPO—Sunday morning from 9:30
to 10 o'clock. University of Chi-
cago Round Table. Interesting
discussion on timely topics.

KDON—Sunday morning from
10:30 to 11. Gotham String
Quartet.

KSFO—Sunday morning from 11
to 11:30. Boris Morros String
Quartet.

KGO—Sunday morning from
11 to 12 noon. Magic Key.

KSFO—Sunday from 12 noon to
2. New York Philharmonic.
John Barbirolli conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon from 2
to 3 o'clock. Symphony records.

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 2
to 2:30 o'clock. Metropolitan
Opera auditions.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 3
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tet.

KPO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to
6. Edgar Bergen, etc.

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Hour.

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Beethoven Series.

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tra. Eugene Ormandy conduct-
ing.

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gram.

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The Hindu Gods Visit Carmel

Sunset Auditorium was packed
to the doors last Saturday evening
to see Uday Shan-Kar and his In-
dian dancers and to hear music
played upon instruments which
produced sounds strange to most of
the audience. To many listeners the
music brought by Uday Shan-Kar
was at once a mystery and a revela-
tion.

There is a deep cleavage be-
tween the music of the East and
West and an ordinary approach is
useless. Hindu music has no fixed
key-note and no harmony. Since
the scale is not tempered the notes
are both fugitive and subtle. Hin-
du music has been developed on
the lines of melody; Western mu-
sic on those of harmony. The mu-
sic is traditional and is a sort of
recitative, something that lies be-
tween a scale and a melody. The
fractional subdivisions of the beat
as heard last week in Carmel would
reduce the jazziest of jazz drummers
to complete helplessness.

It is to be regretted that this will
be the last opportunity we shall
have of seeing and hearing Uday
Shan-Kar and his troupe, as at the
conclusion of this present Ameri-
can tour he retires with the com-
plete troupe of dancers and musi-
cians to a remote village more than
100 miles from Bombay, there to
establish a center for research in
Indian Art.

The dance, as portrayed by Shan-
Kar, depends mainly on a complete
mastery of muscular co-ordination,
each movement of the hands, arms,
head or trunk conveying ideas and
emotions based upon folk lore and
the ancient Vedic traditions. Al-
though much of the subtleties were
lost to us, it was possible to enjoy
the color and movement which
created an impression both exotic
and stimulating. The God Indra
initiating the lesser gods in the per-
fect art of the dance gave the danc-
er Shan-Kar an opportunity of dis-
playing his remarkable virtuosity,
his arms and hands became living
creations which seemed to assume
the form of writhing serpents, fas-
cinating to some and repellent to
many of the audience.

Particularly worthy of mention,
was "The Hunter's Tragedy" as
portrayed by the dancer Madhavan
and it is to be regretted that we
did not have further opportunity
of seeing this remarkable dancer in
at least one other solo dance.

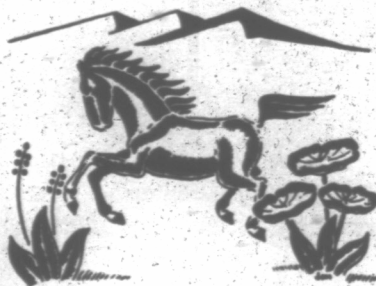
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drama, "Tandava Nritya," danced
by Shan-Kar and most of his troupe
and based on an archaic story of
Shiva and his divine wife, Sati, was
a creation of great beauty and dig-
nity.

Those interested in the dance
have now had the opportunity of
studying both the Japanese and
Hindu traditional dances, and one
realizes the great debt that modern
dancers such as Martha Graham,
to mention one among many, owe
to the East.

—MICHEL MASKIEWITZ

+ + +

ELLIS E. PATTERSON TELLS CARMEL PEOPLE HE ASPIRES TO HIGHER STATE JOB

A pencil having done so well by
him in the last legislature election,
Ellis E. Patterson, assemblyman

from our district, has adopted it as
a sort of rabbit's foot. Corum Jack-
son received through the mail the
other day a bulging envelope which,
when properly torn open, scattered
onto his desk a political button, a
pencil and a printed letter, all an-
nouncing the candidacy of Ellis for
lieutenant-governor.

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A Column About
Eating and Eaters

As I said some time ago, cooking wouldn't be any fun if you didn't experiment with new recipes. But I don't get much encouragement in my original research work, at least from the masculine element in the family; in fact, it is only by remembering how all pioneers have had to struggle on through tough going that I have kept up my resolution to vary our menus and bravely ignored the cold reception given most of my best efforts. Just why gentlemen (naming no names, of course) should be so conservative in the matter of food I cannot imagine. Just to show you—I prepared a delicious casserole concoction the other night for dinner; slices of raw ham with quarter of a cup of water, peeled and cored apples (as many as you have people to serve), filled with raisins, thin slices of sweet potatoes to fill up the spaces and some over the top, brown sugar, butter and a few slices of lemon, the whole to be baked, covered, in a slow oven about an hour. The feminine half of the family liked it. The masculine half ate it unenthusiastically and remarked frankly and unfeelingly, "Why didn't you just fry the ham and bake the potatoes?" Well, I like fried ham and baked potatoes, too, and it's a lot less work but—who wants it the same way every time! Once in a great while, however, I get my innings when a new dish, tasted at first with suspicion and reluctance, surprises their royal highnesses into actual approval. For instance, they magnanimously agree to admit "Salmon Pats" to my list of eligible dinner dishes. If you don't happen to know them I think you'd find they have a number of good points.

They're particularly convenient when you're planning a meal that won't take much time to get onto the table. You can make your salmon pats in the morning, put them in a baking pan ready for the oven; and it doesn't take more than about 10 or 15 minutes to finish, according to how hot your oven is. Beat an egg slightly in the liquid from a can of salmon, season with salt and pepper and 2 tablespoons grated onion. Add half a cup of soft bread crumbs and a can of flaked salmon. Mix thoroughly and form into round pats. You can make four, or five, from a pound can of salmon. Place them in a pan and with toothpicks fasten a slice of bacon around each one. When the bacon is cooked just the right golden brown the salmon pats are done and ready to serve immediately.

There! I had quite decided to give you a rest from recipes this week, after the bunch I filed the column with last Friday—and already I've told you about two. Every once in a while I feel overwhelmed by the amount of recipes that keep coming along in the public prints. It is so utterly impossible to try them all! There are so many it is almost impossible even to decide which few you do want to experiment on! Consider some of the sources of recipes at your service in only one month. For instance, take February right now. The result of a sketchy, incomplete survey gave me the startling figure of nearly 200! After that I gave up further research. If that sounds exaggerated let me offer a few details. The *Woman's Home Companion* runs a food calendar every month with one recipe or a food

suggestion really equivalent to a recipe for each day—28 this time. There are also 6 casserole dish recipes and 9 recipes from all over the country in an interesting article entitled "I made my reputation on—". Then, in still another article describing a "Gay Nineties Party" you are given directions for making "Eggs à la Dauphine." And if you read the advertising, in which food seems to become more and more prominent, you can easily gather in a few more recipes—I counted 6 in the February issue. Well, then, in *Good Housekeeping* there was a total of 23 recipes; in *Needlecraft*, 12; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 7; *American Home*, 13; *Parents' Magazine*, 9; *Life and Health*, 13. Moreover, in the newspaper which I see, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, there are always 2 recipes daily, with 3 or 4 on Fridays, and a few on Sundays—total for February about 80. In addition to these publications there are still others, such as *McCall's* and *Pictorial Review*, *Farmer's Wife*, and a host of other household journals. Then, if those aren't enough for you, you can put in quite a bit of time listening to radio recipes from Betty Crocker et al; and don't lose the little leaflets which come buried in your bags of flour—they contain often as many as 10 recipes. Oh yes, if you still crave more, don't overlook the printed directions on the outside of packages such as *Bisquick*, which gives you 16 different recipes, or *Pillsbury's Bran* with 12! And you can send for booklets from practically every food advertiser in existence, beautifully printed pamphlets in full color, each one a sizeable cook book in itself! I stopped counting long ago. It's too much of a muchness. And if I thought about it too often I would hardly have the courage to swell the appalling flood by even one meek little recipe! —CONSTANT EATER

CATHERINE TURNEY'S PLAY GETS APPROBATION

Catherine Turney, that attractive niece of Captain and Mrs. DeWitt Blamer, who visited them last summer, is making a name for herself with the latest play she has written. The following notice in Sunday's *San Francisco Chronicle* will be of interest to a host of friends in town who remember her visit here with a great deal of pleasure:

"The Barrymore clan has grandiose plans which should be interesting to San Franciscans. Both John and his wife, Elaine, have signed their names to a contract which pledges them to appear next season under Brock Pemberton's management in a comedy called 'My Dear Children.' The play, which has to do with an actor and his bewildering assortment of illegitimate children, is by Catherine Turney and Jerry Horwin. It will be tried out in San Francisco and Los Angeles in the late summer or early fall before being taken East."

EDWARD WESTON HERE; WAS MAROONED IN YOSEMITE

Edward Weston is in town for the week-end. Neil, his son, is with him. Weston has been in Yosemite Valley for several weeks, taking pictures for the Guggenheim Fellowship. The party had a tough time in the snow. It was cut off from all communication with the outside world for about ten days and didn't know it. Of course, what you don't know can't—

Council May Ride Rough-Shod Over Any Protestants

Some few days ago Argyll Campbell, who drips municipal law from his finger-tips, made the casual observation that the new zoning ordinance proposed by our new city attorney, Billy Hudson, was "dynamite."

It may have been Campbell, or it may have been someone else with a similar train of thought, who got that word over to Billy within the past ten days, because at this last Wednesday night's meeting of the Carmel City Council the city attorney suggested that the council forget about the new law it passed on first reading on February 9, and substituted another one.

Billy's ordinance as submitted and favorably voted on two weeks ago virtually announced to property owners that they had nothing whatever to say about who or what should move in on them in the nature of a new business. It ignored them entirely. It tacitly said that the existing zoning law, which required the signatures of all property owners within 400 feet of the proposed location of a regulated business, such as a tap room, for instance, was as illegal as hell and wouldn't stand up in any court in the land. It was up to the council, and the council alone, to decide whether such a permit should be granted. In a word, it just shoved the property owners and their interests over to the horizon and into oblivion.

"That's dynamite," said Argyll Campbell, but not necessarily for publication. He likes Billy Hudson, and he would make no move to injure his successor in the city attorney's chair.

Sees High Explosive

But this ignoring of property owners entirely was decided by Billy, himself, to be something in the nature of a high explosive, so he amended his ordinance of two weeks ago and submitted a new one this last Wednesday night.

The new one mentions property owners. It goes further than that. It creates a new phrase for Carmel to chew on. "Zone of interest."

Sounds like the allied armies' characterization of the Verdun sector.

"Zone of Interest" is the new name of that territory which extends 100 feet in each direction on both sides of the street, facing the street on which the proposed tap room owner desires to set up his bar. If you are a property owner within 100 feet one way from the line of the proposed location, or 100 feet the other way, or within a 200-foot line on the opposite side of the street, with the center of the 200-foot strip directly opposite the proposed tap room location, you may—

Well, the truth is, you may go holler down a well.

That's what Billy Hudson's new ordinance says you may do, and that is all that it says you may do. You may holler until you reduce your vocal chords to the power of a whisper and, legally, you won't have made an impression on the most-recently-born pollywog at the bottom of the well.

In other words, while the new zoning ordinance recognizes you as an interested property owner, it gives you no power whatsoever to frustrate the desires and designs of the tap room owner; no power except sentiment, and in legal matters sentiment goes just about as far and fast as a sea anemone.

Says the Mayor

"That's right, we can't delegate

our power," said Mayor Everett Smith in greeting Hudson's new ordinance, and he said it with that gleam in his eye which reflects Mayor Smith's fascist temperament on the city council.

The new ordinance provides that if anyone wants to establish a regulated business anywhere in the business section he must first file with the city clerk an application for a license, accompanied by a map of the section within 100 feet on both sides of his proposed location and on the facing side of the street for 100 feet each way, drawn to a one-inch-to-100-feet scale, and a list of the property owners therein.

The city clerk then writes a letter to all these property owners and tells them what the applicant wants to do and that the city council will act on the application at a public hearing on such a date. The property owners thereupon band themselves together, hire an orator, attend the council's public hearing, and, maybe, protest with the might of Alexander against granting of the license. The council may sit in grim silence and listen to you, or not listen to you at all. Another Joe Burge may remark that you're only a "bunch of dumb Democrats" and Mayor Smith may ask: "What public—this?" And after you have worn yourselves out and fall back in collective prostration, a councilman may say: "Move the application be granted," get a second, and the thing go through unanimously.

Nothing to Say

You see, you haven't anything to say. Billy Hudson says the courts have decided that you haven't a thing to say; that is, nothing to say that will have any effect. He's got letters and court decisions

galore to prove it, he says, and perhaps he has.

But on March 9, the next meeting of the city council, you may attend the meeting at which it is finally to pass on this proposed new zoning law. There must be a public hearing on this ordinance. The city clerk will cause to be published a notice to this effect, a legal notice, but you can take this non-legal notice from us that you are invited to attend that meeting March 9—and protest the passage of the ordinance.

But here's the kick in that! You can protest against the ordinance just as loud and long as you might protest against a tap room license, and you'll be hollering down the well again.

The council isn't bound to act on your protest against the ordinance, either.

"We can't delegate our power," says Mayor Everett Smith, with a gleam in his eye.

+ + +

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Holman's Book Den

Margaret Grant Upholds Acts Of England

In a manner of apology for the present apparent surrender of England to the demands of Italy and Germany, Mrs. Margaret Grant, talking before the current events section of the Carmel Woman's Club at their meeting at Pine Inn Wednesday morning, declared that only by the methods it is employing at present could Britain assure peace in Europe.

Mrs. Grant, of course, did not apologize for anything her native country is doing today, but she made it clear that she believes whatever it is doing is being done with the prime motive of ultimate peace. In fact, Mrs. Grant would have it that Italy is at present compromising with England, not England with Italy, despite what may be implied in news dispatches today from London, and the reason for Italy's compromise was that Italy didn't have the money to do otherwise. According to Mrs. Grant, England's policy today is the policy it has been pursuing from generation to generation and boils down to the mundane problem of the people having enough to eat. This is the basis of the policy and the basis of the retrograde actions of the leaders. She said this was something Americans find very hard to grasp. She feels that if England falls the United States will fall, too, and found "divided we fall, united we stand" appropriate. Mrs. Grant said "you will undoubtedly be the greatest nation on earth, but you will have to fight for that supremacy. We all know that war is bloody and brings suffering, but there is something in the phoenix rising out of the ashes."

Mrs. Grant talked a little about the prime minister, and other of England's statesmen. She gave a short history of Anthony Eden's life and said she felt that he would come back to the government a ripened man. Neville Chamberlain, in her opinion, has all the training a statesman, not a politician, should have, and feels he is well fitted to control the destiny of Britain.

Mrs. Willis White was the chairman for the meeting and gave a brief resume of what is going on here, in Europe and in the Orient.

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DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The latest addition to the Charles Van Riper menage is an exceedingly good-looking young fellow named Pacific Red. He is a red-and-white American bull terrier.

Red traces his ancestors back to 1860 England where they, like the white bull terriers whom they resemble, were first bred for dog fighting and badger-baiting by sporting men after bull-baiting had been abolished by law.

In spite of his pugnacious forebears, Red is as gentle as a little woolly lamb and has an angelic disposition—and a physique that makes the girls take notice when he passes. Even though he is still quite young, he is as dashing a blade as one would want to see.

There is another blonde in town—a beautiful one. She is brown-eyed Nugget Stoddard, who has been adopted by Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard as a companion for her young son, Gordon.

Nugget had her first look at the village a week ago and she said she liked it very much. (The feeling, no doubt, was mutual.) This young lady will be a charming addition to the younger set.

Books on "Infant Feeding and Correct Diet and Child Training" now fill the once carefree life of Terry Ogden since the advent into his bachelor domain of a very young lady—Baby Spats. The aristocratic little cocker, who will be known as Spats of Hattonfields when she grows up, comes from a long and impressive line of champions. Her father was the well-known Black King of Hawdor, and her mother, Victoria of Hattonfields, both owned by Adolph Hanke.

Spats, in spite of her background, is just like any other little girl and gets colds and tummy-aches and sundry other childish ailments and nearly drives Mr. Ogden frantic. It is quite a problem, this child-raising.

A little buckaroo by the name of Pistol Pete has joined up with the Ware outfit and is goin' back home to Nevada with them. Pete is a real westerner, a natural bobbed-tail sheep-dog. His ma was the belle of Sonora and a mighty purty little gal, too. Pete was reared by Sheriff Buttle and learned the tricks of ropin' and ridin' and shootin'.

The boss of the outfit, Two-gun Mike Ware, says that as far as he is concerned, Pete is just a green-horn but once he gets him back home he probably can make a top hand out of the little fella.

MY DOG

Here is a friend who proves his worth
Without conceit or pride of birth,
Let want or plenty play the host,
He gets the least and gives the most—

He's just a dog.

He's ever faithful, kind and true;
He never questions what I do,
And whether I may go or stay,
He's always ready to obey
'Cause he's a dog.

As mortals go, how few possess
Of courage, trust, and faithfulness
Enough from which to undertake,
Without some borrowed traits, to make

A decent dog!

—JOSEPH M. ANDERSON

What Sunset School Program Is, As Told By Its Principal

(This is the first in a series of articles by Otto W. Bardarson, principal of Sunset School, on the principles and technique of curriculum used at the school. There will follow explanations by Mr. Bardarson of details in the teaching program. —Ed.)

By OTTO W. BARDARSON

The fact that many schools of today are proceeding along lines and using techniques different from those in general use two and three decades ago does not mean that the essential tool skills are being discarded for some will-o'-the-wisp educational hodge-podge. We have passed through an experimental era which has left an impressive imprint on our educational philosophy. These gains are gradually becoming functional and the general public when fully aware of what is being done will undoubtedly approve of the major phases of the modern, progressive school curriculum. The newer trend definitely lays greater stress on the child as an individual and the development of his abilities and personality. It brings to the child a better understanding of his environment and encourages an attitude of inquiry and discrimination.

The most significant responsibility of the principal is to stimulate and guide the teachers in their approach to the teaching program. In Sunset School the teachers are encouraged to contribute to the formation of educational policies and procedures. Teacher participation results in increased teaching efficiency and stimulates desire to improve in service to the child and the community. Good points in teaching are explained and discussed. Demonstrations are given by teachers to bring out certain phases of teaching technique. We do not feel that any one teacher has the right to reserve a method as his or her brain child. Our concern is the child and it is our intention that he profit from the best available methods.

Major emphasis is being placed on Social Studies which deal largely with the child's environment and his social relationships. The child gains greatest growth when he feels that his efforts are purposeful; that he is working toward a goal which to him is significant. Under the guidance of the teacher he becomes an active participant in attempting to gain a clearer understanding of our racial heritage and present day cultures. The Social Studies consist of a series of units which are presented in such a manner as to provide scope and sequence. In order to provide the proper sequence we follow a general outline which designates the following grade units: first grade, "The Home"; second grade, "The School and the Community"; third grade, "Children of Different Lands"; fourth grade, "California" (historical background and study of current problems such as water, power, conservation, etc. There is also a further development of the third grade theme); fifth grade, "The United States" (Important phases in history. Incidents in the development of our country are related to problems of today); sixth grade, "The Progress of Civilization" (A study of early beginnings and contributions to our racial heritage); seventh grade, "A Survey of the Culture of the Major Nations" (Their present problems and their relationships with our country); eighth grade, "The United States" (Its development and the problems of today). The scope pertains to the major social functions of interest and value to the child such as the development and conservation of natural resources, production and distribution of goods and services,

communication and transportation, cultural growth, development of personal powers, understanding of and contribution to environment.

The unit is planned to afford the child opportunity to do research work, to evaluate and select material, to organize material and to present it through the medium of writing, speech, dramatization, music and art. The development of a unit will be explained in detail in a later article.

What part do the tool skills play in this program? The tool skills are absolutely essential in order that the child may attain creditable achievement. The functional utilization of the tool skills provides the natural and most desirable form of motivation. To insure that the tool skills are not neglected special periods are provided for emphasis on writing, spelling, remedial reading, and arithmetic.

We have placed stress on the cultural development of the child which is evidenced by the high standards attained in music, art, and dramatization. These subjects will be dealt with separately.

Sunset School is committed to a "no-failure" program and by the beginning of next year we expect this program to be in full effect. When a child enters the first grade he is given a pre-first grade classification. At the time the third report is sent to the parents in the spring the child is given a high first grade classification or continues with his pre-first grade standing and at the close of the year is promoted to the low first grade. Those who have received the high first grade classification are promoted to the low second at the close of the school year. With the adoption of a single term system (this does away with beginning classes in January) children may enter the pre-first grade if they have attained the age of five years and six months on or before the opening day of school. The work of the first grades is on the six year level. By that we mean that a child six years of age, of average ability and regular in attendance should be able to complete the work of the first grade in one year. Children who are immature, unadjusted to a group, lacking in visual or auditory coordination, or handicapped by language difficulties will profit by remaining in the pre-first grade the full year. This will mean that many children will spend four years in the primary grades. There will be no actual repeating and the child will progress with his social group. The habit of retarding children frequently during their stay in the

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Sidewalks Down Ocean Avenue Discussed

Councilman Clara Kellogg wants something done about sidewalks on Ocean avenue, particularly on the Normandy Apartments side just below Monte Verde. She doesn't get much support from Councilman James H. Thoburn, who says there are too many sidewalks in Carmel now.

But Miss Kellogg has an argument. She calls attention to the tree roots that stick up and make walking dangerous on the delightfully unimproved walks by the side of the road. Bill Askew, street superintendent, vouchsafed the opinion that unless a sidewalk grade has been set the city can't very well compel a property owner to lay a sidewalk.

It was a good point and the council finally instructed Askew to go ahead along any lines suggested by the city attorney.

The new Peninsula Mothers' Association asked the council if, temporarily, it could house its nursery school outside the business district. As the organization is a non-profit one, and its school would be small in the beginning, and, further, as it plans to obtain a permanent location as soon as possible inside the business district, the council decided to act just as though it had received no communication from the mothers. Which means that they can go ahead with their nursery plans anywhere they see fit.

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Dr. and Mrs. Mark Rifenbark, from San Jose, spent some time in Carmel this week visiting their daughter, Mrs. Rex Flaherty.

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**BARBARA DOUGLAS TO WED
RENE VARLET SUNDAY**

Barbara Douglas and Rene George Varlet, of Hollywood, will be married Sunday afternoon at 4:30 at the home of Miss Douglas' mother, Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas, at Pebble Beach. The Rev. Stewart Campbell Potter, of Monterey, will officiate.

Miss Douglas will be given away by her father, Ernest Douglas, of Los Angeles, and will be unattended. She will wear a powder blue sheer wool with a matching hat and long gray gloves. Her flowers will be lilies of the valley and small rosebuds. Mrs. Douglas will wear black velvet and gardenias.

Stuart Roussel, from Pasadena, will be best man.

There will be about 35 guests, among whom are Miss Douglas' two sisters, Mrs. Robert Rose, of Long Beach, and Mrs. Ernest Jefferson, of San Francisco, both will be accompanied by their husbands. Mr. and Mrs. Walter King of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. E. Gary Spencer of Beverly Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Faulkner of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Henry de Lachapelle of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brawner of Pasadena, and Dick Collins of Pebble Beach will also be among the guests at the wedding, at a dinner dance tomorrow night at Del Monte Hotel and at the buffet luncheon preceding the wedding.

The couple will be on the Peninsula for a while before going to Hollywood to make their home.

Miss Douglas is a graduate of U.C.L.A. and a member of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority. She has a degree from the Sorbonne in Paris.

Varlet was born in Paris and has lived here for a number of years. He is now associated with Warner Brothers' studio in Hollywood as a technical advisor.

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**JACQUELINE KLEIN HOSTESS
AT DANCING PARTY**

Jacqueline Klein was the hostess for a supper dancing party at the Mission Ranch Club recently. Her guests were Ann Millis, Alice Vidoroni, Ann Whitman, Elinor Chappell, Catherine Quinn, Emma Ann Wishart, Harriet Hatton, Orianna Chappell, Madeline McDonough, Eleanor Hart, Lillian Ohm, Babette De Moe, Natalie Hatton, Patty Lou Elliot, Donna Hodges, Barbara Lee Rico, Suzanne McGraw, Carol Tindell, Patty Hale, Anne Martin, Jane Ellen Parker, Gerry Shephard, Dick Williams, John Sand, Colden Whitman, Bill Froli, Eddie Garguilo, Jack Read, George Gossler, Orville Jones, Peter Elliott, Bobbie Garguilo, Irving Parker, Gerald Ray, Donald Berry, Harold Johnson, Max Hagemeyer, Jim Thoburn, Frederick Snooks, Warren Johnston, Hugh Dormody, Ed Keeley, Gordon Ewig, Bobby Martin, Arthur Strasburger, Alan Thoburn, Jerry Neikirk, Bobby Froli and Harold Bashback.

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**MUSICAL ARTS CLUB PROGRAM
CHANGED TO MARCH 8**

In deference to the Carmel Music Society which presents Nathan Milstein on Wednesday, March 2, the regular monthly meeting of the Musical Arts Club has been postponed from March 1 to Tuesday, March 8.

Winifred Howe is in charge of the program to be given at the Highlands home of Frank Wickman, and is open to the members of the club only. Miss Howe will present Adolph Teichert and Anne Greene in an evening of piano music.

**THINGS TO
COME**

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PLAYS

The Carmel Players present "Cradle Song" tonight, tomorrow night and Sunday night at 8:15 at the Filmarte Theatre. Tickets at the door or call 403 for reservations.

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theatre. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Humphrey Bogart and Frank McHugh in "Swing Your Lady." Also Plymouth night. Saturday, Carole Lombard and MacMurray in "True Confession" and Harry Carey and James Ellison in "Annapolis Salute." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles in "Stella Dallas." Wednesday, Kent Taylor and Fay Wray in "The Jury's Secret." Also 10-Win. Thursday, Katherine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door."

MUSIC

The Carmel Music Society presents the third concert of their Winter Series Wednesday night, March 2, at 8:30 p.m. at Sunset Auditorium. Nathan Milstein, violinist. Tickets on sale at Thoburns, Carmel 62, or call Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22.

FASHION SHOW

The American Legion Auxiliary presents its Spring Fashion Show and a play entitled "What Next?" tomorrow night at the Legion Hall. Tickets on sale at Gladys Johnston's office and with members of the Auxiliary.

BALLET

The Carmel Music Society presents the second program of their Winter Series Saturday night, Feb. 19, at 8:30 at Sunset Auditorium. Shan-Kar and his Hindu Ballet. Tickets are on sale at Thoburns, Carmel 62, or call Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22.

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m.

DRAMA WORKSHOP

Sunday and Friday at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Acting expression and technique. Dan James in charge.

Monday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Shakespeare, streamlined and cut for production. Chick McCarthy in charge.

Tuesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper.

Wednesday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Costume designing. Eleanor Irwin in charge. Lighting under Kay Knudsen and backstage construction under B. Franklin Dixon.

Thursday night at 7:30 at Pine Inn. Radio Workshop with John Eaton in charge.

Please use Monte Verde entrance to all Workshop meetings at Pine Inn.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzi's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM TURNER, Deceased. No. 6227. NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the Estate of William Turner, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file their claims with the necessary vouchers within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Monterey in the City of Salinas. County of Monterey, State of California, or to present said claims with the necessary vouchers within said six months to the said Administratrix at the office of Argyll Campbell and Shelburn Robison in the New Post Office Building, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, County of Monterey, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of William Turner, deceased. Dated February 24th 1938

EMMA TURNER OHM
Administratrix of the Estate of
William Turner, Deceased.

ARGYLL CAMPBELL
SHELburn ROBISON
Attorneys for Administratrix
Date of first publication, Feb. 25, 1938.
Date of last publication, March 25, 1938.

**Sunset's Program
Is Outlined**

elementary school has been a factor of grave discouragement and places children who are over-age for their grade in close association with younger children which tends to induce social maladjustment. The old philosophy which attempted the impossible by requiring the child to meet specific grade requirements has given way to the more humane and democratic principle of adapting the program of the school to the needs and abilities of the child.

The report card which is sent home to the parents calls attention to effort in scholarship and character attitudes. The report is purposely simple in order to avoid the confusion created by the obsolete report card marking system. The parents are urged to contact the teacher to gain a more comprehensive picture of the child. The personal interview will tend to prevent misunderstandings and will coordinate the activities of the teacher and parent in relation to the child.

The student body association serves as a constructive outlet for student thought and energy. When constructive activities are provided the children show an amazing willingness to assume responsibility. Aside from the training in parliamentary procedure and the development of poise in speech and manner, the children are afforded an

p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations. The play for this week is "The Palace of the Sea King," which will also be given Friday afternoon at 2:30 at Sunset School.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

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EXCELLENT HOME for family. Recently remodeled, small, 3-bedroom house completely furnished. Venetian blinds. Abundance of sunshine. \$5,500. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON. Telephone 98. (8)

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opportunity to cooperate with the faculty in the operation of various functions of the school. Children function as traffic officers, corridor monitors, office assistants, on clean-up committees, on program committees, as athletic managers, and in various other helpful ways. The morale, the courtesy and conduct of the children and their own efficiency as citizens are enhanced through this form of participation in the operation of the school.

This brief reference to certain phases of the Sunset School program is preliminary to articles which will follow explaining in greater detail the philosophy and techniques fundamental to our program. It is the desire of the Sun-

set School faculty to acquaint the community with our objectives and efforts in behalf of the children of Carmel. —OTTO W. BARDARSON

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**GEORGE MACBETH RETURNS
TO BUSINESS HERE**

George Macbeth and Scotty, his son, have returned to Carmel from St. Louis. Macbeth says he intends to stay here now, running his business and living in the part of the country he likes best. Mrs. Macbeth could not accompany him this trip. She has been dangerously ill with pneumonia and will not be able to travel for another month. She will then join her family here.

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Ernest W. Aldrich Only Candidate Yet Announced For City Council

We have at last one avowed candidate for city councilman.

Ernest W. Aldrich, who was a candidate two years ago but failed of election, has taken out the necessary papers to obtain the necessary signatures. According to Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, passing out these papers is the only service she has so far rendered that might pertain in any manner to council aspirations on the part of man, woman or child in Carmel.

Aldrich is an interesting man. Not alone for his persistence in endeavoring to find a place in our legislative body, but because of the nature and tenor of his private life, he is much more than just a common or garden variety sort of individual. He has a deep concern in the affairs of Carmel and a deep love for the community as one in which it is a pleasure to live. He has demonstrated that on various occasions. Last Christmas he came into more or less prominence, and of the most enviable kind, when he surprised the business men by presenting them with a basketful of gifts for the children gathered at a Christmas party in Carmel Theatre. And what gifts! They were hand-carved toys, wooden figures, all in separate handmade wooden boxes. As we said at the time, there's something about a man like that that puts him with the elect of the gods. He desires to be writ "as one who loves his fellow men."

Whether the qualifications Aldrich has in his favor as a man mean anything in his favor as a councilman is something else to be considered. We are not prepared to pass on the question right now.

Besides Aldrich there is no prospect in sight.

Now it is rumored with what we believe is a certain amount of good foundation, that Joe Burge has changed his mind. Personally, if we were Joe, we would change ours, too. If Burge has been sampling the public reaction up and down Ocean avenue, or even up and down San Carlos, he could not be getting anything that would suggest that he leap with joy. We don't believe Joe Burge has any more chance to be re-elected councilman than our ten-year-old boy, and the boy is ineligible even to start.

Burge being what he is, this may arouse him to "show us." We wish he would. It is Burge's seat, among three, we desire immensely to find a good occupant for. If we only have Burge to beat to get it, we are tickled to death.

As for Bernard Rowntree, he says he isn't at all sure he will run.

"I'll run if I think the people want me to," he told THE CYMBAL yesterday. "If I decide they don't I won't lift a stone myself."

But Bernard just hasn't made up his mind. That's what he means.

We haven't asked John Jordan this week, but we have a hunch John is getting a little damp around the edges of his ardor. As for John Catlin, he'd love to make the run if, and only if, he could in some way be assured by the moon or Madame Doreen that he would be elected. John couldn't take another disappointment like that of two years ago, and he doesn't intend to risk it.

There have been trios of candidates suggested, and discussed on

Ocean avenue. The trouble is that the prospective candidates haven't been consulted. This appears to be necessary, but the proponents of each and every one of them apprehends a big "No" and delays the hour of getting it.

However, if you want to run you can get your papers from Saidee Van Brower, city clerk. The bars are down now and will remain down until March 12 at noon. By that time you will have to file. Then you can go out and make speeches or write letters or kiss babies or just go home and hope—until the night of April 12, when you will know what fate has done to you.

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"Five Wheels and No Brakes"

(Continued from Page One)

kept expenses down and lived well within our means. New things were started, notably the Scenic Drive improvement. Accomplished with the aid of the SERA, it cost us many times the amount of the original estimate, though the lasting results more than justify the expenditure. The city personnel was kept at a minimum, no "new Bureaus" were established. We came out with a substantial reserve in the city treasury.

Compare that with the last period. We were congratulated as a Council free of politics—that is, free from the type of American usually found filling the important seats in municipal government, known as a Politician. Having five wheels and no brakes, we blithely set about going places, and of course ended up in the ditch.

Looking backward, it is easy to

see where the braking power came in on the first period. John Catlin was a "politician." Having had experience in the loose-jointed weaknesses of municipal government, he was on guard. It was John who fought the taxes down and continually blocked the expansion of personnel and the establishment of new bureaus. During his tenure of office he made a lot of enemies, generally because being something of an orator, he was too outspoken to suit the easily offended, and specifically because of his filibuster against the City's acquisition of the Forest Theater before its debts had been cleared. John Catlin was mighty good business for Carmel. He was the financial anchor—a veritable watchdog for the treasury.

Why can't a city be run as a business? If any businessman conducted his affairs as the Council runs this city, he wouldn't last a month. The board of directors of a corporation never attempt to operate. They are merely policy shapers over an appointed manager. I think a good man could handle the work of two or three of our city offices and still have time to act as a City Manager. The combined salaries of those offices would come closer to securing the services of a

man capable, and through the efficiency gained by having a properly managed city, we would save that man's salary during the first year.

Experienced Councilmen are hard to get. Four years is enough for most of us. It is too much unless one is "politically minded," so constituted or so calloused that he can take it. I think all of the present Council would be Conservatives during a second term. We've learned our lessons. I know that I could do a much better job during a second term, but as the boy said when asked for the core of his apple: "There ain't going to be none."

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Dolly Kistler has moved to the Masten studio in Hatton Fields.

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